burled a wicked city, destroyed by earthquake and floods ; for Woolar means "cave/[3] and often have the boatmen heard the groans of the lost below, and, like Dante, seen the bubbles on the surface caused by their sighs.

And now Farewell, dear reader, or, if you are so minded, *Au revoir*. For at what more fitting place can I say Good-bye to you who have accompanied me over so many thousand miles of my wanderings than at Shiva's feet ? I who, perhaps, stand at that elusive junction of East and West.

For if they ever join hands, may we not say it Is in the persons of those men and women who, Hindus in past lives, have been required by the Law of Destiny to take western bodies in this one, but remain true to the mighty Motherland, and her holy ideals, beneath the pale skin.

Of India these cry ever, This country is ours ! Our fates are inextricably woven with hers, even as she stands symbolical of the events of our own lives, with Bombay our port of destiny, with Delhi our fleeting dreams

of the senses, with Benares our sanctuary when life's storms are past.

Lying before me now are letters,,

landmarks

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of